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Stray Notes of Song

Harry B. Metcalf



BROMFIELD STREET

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

BY
HARRY B. METCALF

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STRAY NOTES OF SONG

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

BROMFIELD STREET

BRомfield Street, oh, Bromfield Street,
The dusks and dawns of old
Sent 'twixt the walls of thy retreat
Their greetings, gray and gold;
The centuries have left thee there,
Pressed to the city's heart—
A thoroughfare beyond compare,
Oh, Bromfield Street, thou art!

Bromfield Street, oh, Bromfield Street,
Thy stretch is but a span
Between two tides of trampling feet—
The toil and moil of man—
But restful charms thy walks endear,
That words may not define,
So quaintly queer an atmosphere,
Oh, Bromfield Street, is thine!

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Bromfield Street, oh, Bromfield Street.
The lips of Lore and Art
Breathe from thy windows, strangely sweet,
A whisper to my heart.
Broad avenues, in splendor dressed,
Adorn the modern day;
But mayst thou rest in Boston's breast,
Oh, Bromfield Street, for aye!

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

SWEET LOUISBURG SQUARE

O HEART of old Boston, sweet Louisburg Square,
Thy birds are all singing, there's balm in
the air;
And a message of peace from the dim days of
yore
Is borne to my soul in thine elms, bending o'er.

Like a cloister of ancient and mystical years,
Shut out from the world, from its cares and its
fears,
Thy memories linger to soothe the sore heart;
To bid, for a moment, life's sorrows depart.

To catch from thy zephyrs their whisper,
serene,
The stranger fain pauses; it captivates e'en
The sad, white-capped nurses who greet thee
each day
From the haven of mercy, just over the way.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Ah, soft is thy greensward, 'neath shadows that
 fall
From wings of the evening; and when, over all,
The stars twinkle kindly, what vision more
 fair!
O heart of Old Boston, sweet Louisburg Square.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

ON THE “L” TO SULLIVAN SQUARE

OH, WE crowd and jostle and push and
shove—

There's always room for one more—
We hang for dear life from the straps above,
We cut fancy curves on the floor;
We tumble headforemost into the crush,
We plunge and we dive “for fair,”
We join in a great big football rush
On the “L” to Sullivan Square.

From station to station we swing and swerve—
It's very like “shooting the chutes”—
Plunge forward, then backward, as round each
curve

The train on the long trestle scoots.
If you happen to hug the girl by your side,
For her to protest is not fair,
For you never can tell what you'll do when
you ride
On the “L” to Sullivan Square.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

And the banker stands with his shoulders
pressed
To those of the laborer grim;
The callow youth joins in a casual jest
With the sales-girl next to him;
The matron be-bundled with bargains fine
Looks in vain for a seat to spare;
If I weren't pinned down I'd offer her mine,
On the "L" to Sullivan Square.

And the journey through life, it is much the
same—
It's jostle and crowd all the way,
As onward we're hurried, with riches and fame
The incidents, mere, of a day.
The terminal looms up larger ahead
Each moment; but why should we care?
There'll be others to ride, when we are all
dead,
On the "L" to Sullivan Square.

THE BOOKSHELVES OF CORNHILL

O COME for a moment away with me
From the city's rush and roar;
Get out of the surge of humanity
As it sweeps from door to door
And catch a breath of the olden time,
A glimpse of the past that will
Set soul and senses again in rhyme,
'Neath the bookshelves of Cornhill.

Let us greet the poets of long ago;
Old barristers, stern and just;
Historians grim, whom the Muses know;
Philosophers, gray with dust;
There's a touch of peace in their mute array,
An indescribable thrill
As we bow to the masters who hold sway
On the bookshelves of Cornhill.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

In far distant fields in coming years
 My lot it may be to tread—
Perchance there'll be joys to banish the tears
 And fortune may smile o'erhead—
But where'er the future may write me down,
 I'll ne'er be content until
Fate pilots me back to old Boston town,
 And the bookshelves of Cornhill.

ROSES

R OSSES in the woodland byways,
Roses on the mountain steeps,
Roses garlanding the highways,
Roses where the brooklet creeps,
Roses in the garden, breathing
Incense rare for you and me;
Roses on the trellis, wreathing
Bower for lovers' reverie;
Roses in the East at breaking
Of the dawn, when bird songs rise;
Roses with the sun's leave-taking
In the glow of western skies;
Roses in their softest glory
In the blushes of the bride—
Roses in a new life-story,
May they ever there abide—
Roses in the perfumed kisses
Of the zephyrs of the night;
Roses in the dreamful blisses
Of a slumber-garden white;
Roses in all life unfolding—
Petals may be falling soon—
Roses ours for the beholding,
Roses of the joy of June.

CONCEIT AND HUMILITY

TWO mortals climbed a mountain top, to
view

The wide outstretch of the majestic world;
Beneath them boundless vistas, old and new,

In circling panorama were unfurled—
And one, as he beheld the equal zone

On every hand to merge of earth and sky,
Exclaimed, in lordly and exultant tone:

“The centre of the universe am I!”

The other, awed and silent, long surveyed

The wonders of the scene; the towns of men
Were dwarfed to ant hills, and the rivers made

But threads of silver winding far, and when
He felt the thrill of grandeur filling all

Of earth revealed beneath the bending sky,
His humbled soul could only cry, “How small,
How helpless in Thy sight, O God, am I!”

FOREVER AND FOREVER

OUR little loves may pass away,
As fragile heart-strings sever;
But each dawn brings a sweeter day,
For Love is Love forever.

The little gods of time-worn creeds
Die, neath the world's endeavor;
But lives the grandeur of good deeds,
For God is God forever.

OUT OF THE DEEP

FROM out the heaving bosom of the deep
The waves sweep o'er the rim of shining
sand;
High and yet higher the tidal surges creep
As eager lips of Ocean kiss the land;
And then a thousand rills, their strength full
spent,
Bear back the weary waters to the sea,
Once more with the eternal to be blent,
Once more a part of the immensity!

So doth not clearly in this token shine
The secret, and the solace, of thy soul?
Like unto ocean is the Power Divine,
Each feeble life a radiant of the Whole.
E'en as from out the vast, unchanging Source
Thy being flows, its transitory tide
Will bear thee back, one with the living Force
Wherein th' eternal verities abide!

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

THE DREAMER AND THE TOILER

ONE dreamed of glory in the coming years,
And waited for his dream to be fulfilled—
One toiled along a pathway wet with tears,
To do the drudging task that fate had willed.

One saw the golden hours pass idly by
Until the promise of his youth was dead;
While he who strove beneath a frowning sky
Looked up, and saw Fame's lode-star over-
head.

TO A GERANIUM

GERANIUM, beauteous with the glow of
many blooms in one,
Flower most beloved that in my garden
grows,
Redder than heart's blood, thy day has just
begun
When it is saddened by the dying rose,
And brilliancy left o'er from summer's noon.
Is still thine own when late the aster wakes.

Full many a fickle, fragile blossom, in the boon
Of one rare breath of fleeting fragrance
breaks,
Then vanishes; but thou, from glad June's
jubilee
Until the Autumn whispers of the end,
In soft bestowal of thy spiced perfume, art
constancy,
Oh, flower of all that blow, the truest friend!

ALONG LIFE'S THOROUGHFARE

FACES artful, avaricious,
 Faces buoyant, faces bright;
Faces crafty and capricious,
 Faces dimpling with delight;
Faces eager and entrancing,
 Faces fair and faces free;
Faces glad and gaily glancing,
 Faces homely as can be;
Faces which the "I" rules blindly
 Faces jaded, joyful, too;
Faces keen and faces kindly,
 Faces laughing up at you;
Faces mournful, faces modest,
 Faces narrow, faces nil;
Faces oh, the very oddest,
 Faces pinched and puerile;
Faces queer and faces queenly,
 Faces radiant and rare;
Faces sweet, that smile serenely,
 Faces of triumphant air;

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Faces ugly and uncheery,
Faces vexed and faces vain;
Faces worn and wan and weary:
Faces experts can't explain;
Faces yawning, faces yearning,
Faces zealous all the way—
Faces in whose lines we're learning
 New life lessons every day,

IN MABEL'S MUFF

WITHIN the warmth of Mabel's muff
You'll find all sorts and styles of
stuff—

A kerchief with a hand-wrought hem;
A glove or two—What need of them!
A dainty purse that's passing stout,
With pa's allowance fattened out;
A veil, that half conceals the grace,
Ofttimes, of Mabel's pretty face;
A *billet doux*, the last from Ned,
That must be o'er and o'er reread—
And just as though that weren't enough,
Two soft, white hands—in Mabel's muff.

UP THE PATHWAY OF PAIN

A JAGGED path of pain she trod,
 This little mate of mine,
And yet she journeyed nearest God,
 With dauntless soul a-shine,
For, all the stern and sterile way,
 Uplifted were her eyes,
Reflecting buoyantly the day
 Or starlight of the skies:
And e'er, a-down dim distances,
 She was the first who heard,
With trustful ear, the messages
 Of some hope-singing bird!

OVER THE SEAS TO DAYLIGHT LAND

LITTLE lips smiling the sweetness of rest;
Little eyes closed by the magic of sleep;
Lulled by a song from a fond mother's breast,
A Little Boy starts o'er an ocean deep.
Pushing from shore 'neath the veil of the dark,
Dream sailors over him guardingly stand—
No craft so staunch as his crib of a bark
For the wonderful voyage to Daylight Land.

Marvelous visions around him unfold
As glides his trim vessel out into the foam.
Fairyland shores lined with sea-shells of gold,
Castles where doll-kings and queens are at
home.
Rainbow-hued islands o'errunning with toys,
Tin soldiers marching behind a tin band—
Oh! what a treat is our good Little Boy's
As he speeds to the portals of Daylight Land!

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Angel wings sheltering all the night through,
 Flutter above the soft, shadowy sails;
Man-in-the-Moon soon is smiling adieu,
 Star overhead into nothingness pales.
Bird songs proclaim a new welcome from shore,
 Sun-gems are blazing in crescents of sand—
Little Boy's eyes are wide open once more,
 All safe in the harbor of Daylight Land!

THE SCARLET SALVIA

THE Summer, loth to take her leave without some token tender,
Lest millions who've made merry may regard the future drear,
Calls forth from fruitful Mother Earth the brightest she can render,
And leaves the scarlet salvia as emblem of good cheer,

DEVOTION

THERE are no words that e'en in sweetest
song
Could bear to thee the tributes of my
heart,
That eagerly unto my dumb lips throng
Yet cannot pass beyond, so beautiful thou
art!
And so, when God seems nearest, and on high
Has set the kind star-tokens of his care,
I thank him for his love, and silently
Pay thee the tribute of my soul, its purest
prayer!

LITTLE MISS PINK

I 'VE known her now for most a year,
This little Miss Pink, whose cheeks are
red;
I hold no other maid so dear—
She's turned my head!

She's bantered me and laughed at me,
This little Miss Pink, whose hair is gold,
And been as cross as cross could be—
The winsome scold!

But she's aware I'm willing quite,
This little Miss Pink, whose eyes are blue,
To do her bidding day and night
And still be true!

And who can say that I'm the fool,
Though little Miss Pink, whose ways are
free,
Is arrogant, and sometimes cool?
She's only three!

MARY, IN THE RAIN

A MOST appealing picture is
Miss Mary, in the rain;
She fills my soul with rhapsodies,
Does Mary, in the rain,
For when the sun is beaming bright
Her eyes send forth reflected light,
A dower that's all the world's by right;
But Mary, in the rain,
Bears her own sunshine in her face,
That brightens all the gloom with grace.
Ah, ever in my heart there's place
For Mary, wet with rain!

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

FRANK L. STANTON

BARD of the Southland, blest with ken
Of Nature's heart, and the hearts of men,
Thanks for thy sweet, clear notes that bear
The message of Love from the everywhere—
The story that breathes in the hum of bees,
The song of birds, and the budding trees;
The lesson of life that Heaven has set
In the frail, unfolding violet!
Singer of peace unto souls oppressed,
Singer of hope unto hearts distressed,
Singer of Love! May thy years be long,
And sweet as thy tenderest notes of song!

EVENING STAR

EVENING Star, thou jewel gleaming
In the rose-pearl west,
E'en at dusk thine eye is beaming
On the river's breast.
Many who have known but sorrow
In the ebbing day,
Catch a hope-gleam for the morrow
In thy kindly ray;
And with glooms of night descending,
Brightening afar,
Pledge of God's blest care unending
Thou art, Evening Star!

THE RELIEF OF SAN FRANCISCO

OUT of the deeps of the earth, unwarned,
 the shock of ruin came;
Out of a city's seething wreck a thousand
 tongues of flame.
Out of the woe—for a moment mere—the im-
 pulse of despair;
Out of the uncrushed spirit then, new hope, on
 the wings of prayer.
Out of the East, and the North and South the
 messengers of weal;
Out of man's stores the answer to the homeless
 one's appeal.
Out of man's love an angel's smile above the
 stricken sod;
Out of the depths of a Nation's heart the
 providence of God!

EDGAR ALLAN POE

O H, POET of tempest skies and bodings dark,
Weaver of weird and wondrous fantasy,
A hundred years have vanished since the spark
 Of thy charmed life gleamed first in infancy,
For scarce twoscore to blaze, and then expire
 Ere men could comprehend, or homage pay—
Mysterious master of Parnassian fire,
 For whom is now Fame's choicest wreath of bay!
A hundred years in the relentless sweep
 Of time, the handmaid of oblivion—
Yet treasured in its soul, the world shall keep
 The jewels of thy genius, every one!
Still shall the melancholy "Raven" croak
 Its doleful message down the centuries;
"The Bells," clear as when first their rhythm broke
 On awe-struck ears, shall peal across all seas,
And "Helen's" beauty, radiant as the sun,
 Shall beam resplendent until Love is done!

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

A KISS BEFORE YOU GO

“**A** KISS before you go.”
The toss of a golden head;
The notes of a lullaby, soft and low—
And away to bed.

“A kiss before you go.”
A youth at the call of life;
A sigh and a sob, she loves him so—
And away to strife.

“A kiss before you go.”
And a wrinkled forehead, pressed
By devoted lips as the tears o’erflow—
And away to rest.

MARK TWAIN

GREAT, gentle friend of all our human kind,
The muffled heart-beat of the whole world tells
Of grief that surges deep and unconfined,
Of pain a more than kingly loss compels!

We laughed with you from fleeting year to year,
Our lives uplifted by your message true;
For in each cloud, with eye of changeless cheer,
You found a gleam of silver, shining through!

Good-bye! We grieve, but treasured we will keep
Your memory in all the afterwhile;
You've shown us e'en, as you lay down to sleep,
That death is not a shadow, but a smile!

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

THE BOUNDARIES OF LOVE'S DAY

THE scent of a rose from a garden fair;
The diamonds of the dew;
A bird-song's thrill in the morning air—
And sweet thoughts of you!

A glint of gold on the rim of the West;
The star-gems in the blue;
The night wind soothing the world to rest—
And sweet dreams of you!

THE PASSING OF GEORGE F. HOAR

A NATION grieves for him whose ebbing
life
Has lent so much of glory to the State—
Not by the empty grandeur born of strife,
But by the noblest works of peace made
great.

Statesman and patriot, scholar, seer and sage,
A people's tribune in long, trying years:
Yet not for name writ high on honor's page—
For his pure, lofty manhood are our tears.

His simple faith abiding to the end,
He waits, content, the summons from on
high.
Rounded, complete his day: as shades descend
He shows the world how grand it is to die.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

A PRAYER

I KNOW not if reward of gold
Shall bless my labors in life's day;
I care not if the shadows hold
Their canopies across my way
So long as, groping toward the light,
My heart is right.

I heed not what the tongues of men
May have for me in Time's report;
The balance will be cast again,
And justice from the Higher Court
Exalt at last, with radiance new,
The soul that's true.

So, Father, in the storm and strife
That sternly may encompass me,
Unselfish make my way of life,
And make my law humility;
This to the journey's end, and then
Thy peace. Amen!

A DECEIVER

WITHIN the shadows of a wood
I chanced at sunset's glow;
A bubbling spring
Was murmuring,
And in delight
A water-sprite
Was beckoning below.

“Oh, may I, maid,” I madly cried,
“But kiss thy laughing lips?”
Then sweetly smiled
This creature wild,
And tossed the spray
In teasing play
With fairy fingertips.

But soon she nodded sweet assent,
And kneeling at the brink,
I sought the place
Where beamed her face;
The false nymph laughed,
And I but quaffed
Indignantly—a drink!

ON THE LAKE

'TIS moonlight on the lake,
And through the air
The zephyrs from their mountain haunts are
flying;
From rush and brake
The drone of insects in prolonged replying
Floats everywhere.

'Tis nature's lullaby,
And evening's calm
Lends to the heart the peace of blessedness;
And far and nigh
Is felt the thrill of beauty's soft caress
With buoyant charm.

The diamond canopy
Of Heaven above
Paints mellow radiance on the water's breast;
The reverie
Of gentle nature in unruffled rest
Tells naught but love.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Dead is the world of strife;
'Tis mem'ry's hour,
And silently the faces of the past,
As once in life
Come back—too precious and too pure to last,
With 'nobling power.

'Tis midnight on the lake—
The hours have flown—
The dream of peaceful things at last must end.
Dark clouds o'er take
The dying moon. The glooms of night descend
To claim their own.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

TIME FLIES

I

GRIEVING, she gives up her cherished toys
As bed-time approaches to end her play,
For bright is the day with its rollicking joys—
The flashing hours, oh, where are they?

II

Gone are the roses that bloomed so rare
In the scented garden of Love's sweet day,
And she sighs for the spring-time of youth so
fair—
The flying seasons, where are they?

III

Her eyes grown dim, and falt'ring her feet,
She sadly looks back o'er the length'ning
way;
The shadows are falling, and life is so sweet—
The fleeting years, oh, where are they?

IN WINTER

CRISP and sparkling is the air,
Breezes playing hide and seek
With her curls and roses, rare,
Painted on each maiden's cheek;
Everybody shouts the praise
Of Winter days.

Logs piled high and hearth aglow,
Cheer for all, and mirth is king—
Now we ride across the snow.
Now a dance is just the thing;
Nothing like the keen delights
Of Winter nights.

Spring has many charms, 'tis true,
Bird and bloom and running rill;
Summer brings her blessings, too;
Autumn is a queen—but still
Best beloved by girls and boys
Are Winter joys.

FEBRUARY

H EIR of the snows, child of the wintry
blast,

Too few have sounded thy full meed of praise;
In station bare and bleak thy lot is cast,

And aught but gentle are thy fitful ways;
Yet unto human hearts and hearths thou hast
Sent cheer unrivalled in the log fire's blaze,
And so to hold the faith of weaklings fast

Set Spring's sweet promise in thy length'ning
days.

TRANSFORMED

A GLOOMY orchard, stark and bare and
brown,
A night of stinging winds and swirls of
snow;
A golden dawn, and white trees, loaded down
With many million diamonds aglow!

MARCH

COME on, you boist'rous, madcap herald of
the Spring.

We welcome you with all your blow and
bluster;

Sweep out the refuse of old Winter's gathering
And rage with all the breath that you can
muster!

We know that underneath your rude and rough
demean

Are throbs of warm regard and thrills of
laughter;

You melt the sunlight's gold, and lay a path of
green

For violet-eyed young April, who comes after.

ANY KIND O' WEATHER

A NY kind o' weather
Fills the bill for me;
Glad I'm livin', whether
Rain or shine it be.

What's the use complainin'?
Everybody knows
When it's right-down rainin'
Redder is the rose.

Think the birds are sobbin'
'Cause the sun is gone?
Ask your friend, the robin,
Bathin' on the lawn.

See him shake his feathers—
Happy? Yes, siree!
An' any kind o' weather's
Good enough for me!

“NOT YET—BUT SOON”

(A Reverie of Spring)

NOT yet, but soon, the roses will be blooming,

And poets will be singing of sweet June;
The deadly cannon cracker will be booming,

For July Fourth is here—not yet, but soon.
The lean mosquito is not dead, but sleeping—

Not yet, but soon, he'll make his yearly call;
The house-fly his engagement will be keeping,

Not yet, but soon enough, I'm sure, for all.

Not yet, but soon, the Summer Girl, in glory,
Will reign again as queen of all the shore;
The Hall-Room boys will weave the same old
story—

A fortnight's romance, then back to the store.
Not yet, but soon, the hotel man will chuckle

And count his profits every afternoon
While you and I will swelter, as we knuckle
Down to our same old jobs, not yet, but soon.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Not yet, but soon, the Common Man, despairing,

Will cut out eating, that he may buy ice,
And sell his household furniture, preparing
To pay for anthracite a triple price.

Not yet, but soon, the clamor of campaigning

Will fill the land where dwell the noble free;

Not yet, but soon, the new year will be waning;

Not yet, but soon—time's up for you and me.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

APRIL

COMES April with a violet
A-nodding on her breast;
Ah, could I pen a triolet
To April and her violet
With rarest beauty blest!
Smiles gleam thro' tears at her behest.
Comes April with a violet
A-nodding on her breast.

EASTER SONG

LIFT up your faces to the skies,
O all ye sons of men,
And let your hearts in joy arise
Exultantly again!

Attune yourselves unto the songs
The great bird-chorus sings;
Forget the winter of your wrongs
And give your sorrows wings!

Throw back the shutters of your souls,
Let in the golden light
That from the regal sun unrolls
Upon the year's long night!

All nature smiles; the glad earth gives
New verdure to the sward;
In every blade and blossom lives
The glory of the Lord!

IN THE MAYTIME

LOSE your grumbles and your glooms in a
maze of cherry blooms;
Banish all your petty troubles on a bird-note floating far.
Let your worries meet their dooms in the magic
of perfumes
That are waiting to entice you where the
honeysuckles are;
For a newborn gladness gleams in the sparkle of
the streams,
And balm-laden breezes bid you breathe the
fulness of the day;
In the sun's alluring beams is the glint of
golden dreams
Of the glory of the Springtime, in the ecstasy
of May.

'TWIXT BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

O H, life is fair and life is free
In all its fleeting phases,
As down the lane she walks with me,
'Twixt buttercups and daisies.

High in the branches of each tree
The birds proclaim her praises;
Oh, all is joy and jubilee,
'Twixt buttercups and daisies.

For, drawing closely unto me,
Her tender eyes she raises,
And says that mine she'll ever be—
'Twixt buttercups and daisies.

DON'T FREEZE

(A July Jingle)

HOW chillingly the wintry blast
 Adown the chimney whistles,
And how the ice-fringe, clinging fast,
 From snow-bound roof-tree bristles!
Old Boreas is stern tonight,
 But what care I for zero?
I'll pile the hearth with logs alight
 And fiddle, *a la Nero!*

*P. S.—'Twas some six months ago
 The tale above was written;
Don't start your furnace fire; oh no,
 You will not get frost bitten.*

How stinkingly the swirl of snow
 Greets our reluctant faces!
The mercury is shrinking low—
 Down toward the bulb it races.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

But what care we, enwrapped in furs,
As sleighbells crisply jingle?
He is a weakling who demurs,
Though ears and fingers tingle.

*P. S.—The rhyme preceding grew
Last Winter, do not doubt it.
Don't get your ulster out, for you
Can get along without it.*

THE CALL OF THE FIELDS

THE clovered fields of rippling green
 Cry "Health to him who comes."
Ah, sad are they who ne'er have seen
The clovered fields of rippling green.
Canst thou not make a day serene
 For some child of the slums?
The clovered fields of rippling green
 Cry "Health to him who comes."

AUTUMN JOYS

O H, THESE are the glorious Autumn days,
The golden crown of the year;
'Tis now that my heart is full of praise,
(*And my furnace out of gear*).

The songs of the harvest fill the land;
Soft haze o'er the hillside floats;
There are no flaws in the landscape grand,
(*No bargains in overcoats*).

The smile of plenty is in the sky;
There's joy in the human soul;
The blood in my veins is bounding high,
(*And so is the price of coal*).

OCTOBER

SHE'S glad, not sober nor sad October,
Her song is a song of cheer;
Gauzes of red and of russet robe her
As radiant queen of the year.
Torch of the sumach is lifted to light her
Fair feet o'er the harvest sod—
And ever was badge of a sovereign brighter
Than sceptre of goldenrod?
The breadth of her bounty all nature embraces;
She kindles men's hearts with bliss;
So beauteous her face is, the Summer retraces
Her footsteps for just one kiss!

ON A RAINY DAY

THE heavens, o'ercast, shut out the sun,
And shadows fall, e'er day is done.

But what though rain its gloom imparts—
The love-flame gleams in human hearts.

And when the dark is deepest here
The true soul-light shines out most clear.

NOVEMBER

THEY call thee drear, and sad, and desolate;
 Of all the family of months the member
Most melancholy, timing thy footsteps late
 To crush to death the last faint, glimmering
 ember,
And bid mankind bewail. Nay; by good fate
 Thou com'st to bid the faltering world
 remember;
And e'er thy days are sped, full hearts, elate,
 Will make thee master of the feast, Novem-
 ber!

THANKSGIVING

THANKS for life and thanks for light;
Thanks for home and thanks for hope;
Thanks for power to see the right;
Thanks for strength with wrong to cope.
Thanks for brightness of the day;
Thanks for God's blest care at night;
Thanks for roses by the way—
Thanks for thorns, lest joy should blight.

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

GOING home for Christmas!
Joy on every face,
Thronging to the stations—
Quickened is each pace;
Quickened are the heart-beats
For the clasp and kiss
That shall seal re-union
In the morrow's bliss.

Going home for Christmas!
Speeding miles away;
Father, mother, waiting
For their own today;
White though snow-fields glisten,
Roses, rich and rare,
Bloom in hearts of dear ones
As they homeward fare.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Going home for Christmas,
Where the love-hearth gleams
With the glow of pleasure
In the olden dreams;
Going home for Christmas
As the waning year
Floods the souls of millions
With a new-born cheer.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

KIND WORDS

O NLY a sunbeam, stealing
Through a rift in a sky of gray,
Yet the face of God revealing
To a soul 'neath sorrow's sway.

Only a kind word spoken
To a heart with long grieving sore,
Yet mayhap despair's chain broken
In some life forevermore!

JUST A TOUCH OF WINTER 'FORE
THE SPRING COMES IN

WAN'T it fine to see the house-tops
covered deep beneath the snow
When you woke up in the mornin' with
the sun a-shinin' bright?
Yes, it was a reg'lar blizzard; my, but how the
wind did blow!
Didn't it whistle down the chimney, like
blue blazes, all the night?
But the kids was in their glory, tumblin' in
the drifts next day;
There was never nothin' like it; how they
made the snowballs spin!
It bestowed a hearty flavor to their headlong,
pell-mell play,
Just to have a taste of Winter, 'fore the Spring
comes in!

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Wan't it grand up on the common, where the
fluffy mantle, white,
Stretched afar in all directions, resting lightly
on the trees?
Didn't it set you clean a-wonderin' just to see
so strange a sight,
With the shovel brigade a-workin' like a lot
o' busy bees?
I suppose 'twill soon be over, all be ended like
a dream,
For the sun will now be hustlin' and the
drifts a-vanishin';
But it's good to get a vision of the old times,
just a gleam,
Just a tiny taste of Winter, 'fore the Spring
comes in.

How the tingle of the snowflakes made the red
cheeks of the girls
redder yet with health's complexion, and
the sparkle in their eyes
Brighter with the glow of pleasure, as the
breezes tossed their curls,
Tanglin' up their truant tresses as a mis-
chievous surprise!

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

There was fun for old and young ones; every-
body felt the thrill;
Jack hitched up his big old cutter—bells
kept up a merry din;
Bill got out his double-runner, shouts resounded
on the hill,
For one tardy touch of Winter, 'fore the
Spring comes in!

A GENTLEMAN

EARNEST, sincere,
In friendship strong,
And without fear
In face of wrong;

Quiet, serene,
A student, too,
Who makes life mean
A service true;

Knowing his mind;
With some fixed plan—
'Tis here you find
A gentleman.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

SOUND for us all the knell of selfish living,
 Of petty jealousies and foolish pride;
Ring in the day of faith and of forgiving,
 O Bells of Christmastide!

Of larger love and nobler thought the pæan,
 Ring in the day of peace that shall abide—
Peace to the glory of the Galilean,
 O Bells of Christmastide!

SERVICE

BUOYANT and bright from bubbling spring
The brook in the hills
Its rippling rills
Taught all the livelong day to sing:
“Merry and young and gay am I
And on to the sea I hasten by.”

Over the rocks, by crag and dell
With gathering strength
It coursed at length
And a mill was built where its waters fell.
With prouder tones it spake again:
“I turn the wheels and work for men.”

On through the valley, broad and deep
It patiently bore
The garnered store
From fields where human toilers reap,
And grandly its message came once more:
“I serve content till life is o'er.”

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

At last, majestic and complete,
On the ocean's breast
It found its rest
Where all the world-worn waters meet,
Murmuring: "Thou, too, shalt deserve
My peace when thou hast learned to serve."

GRIEVE NOT

NAY, do not grieve
That he took his leave
Unwarned, from friends apart;
Sublimest peace
Crowned his release—
God's finger touched his heart.

QUESTIONINGS

IF LIFE were a day that glided gay,
And all of its hours were golden,
Then what were the peace of a pain's release,
Or the worth of a truth beholden?

If life wore a hue of changeless blue
In the archway of its heaven,
Then what were the sun when the storm is done,
Or a rising heart-hope's leaven?

If life were a sea, from dangers free
To its voyagers on their way,
Then what were the rest by a soul possessed
At the end of its mortal day?

If life were a laugh—its bitter half
Unknown, with its fear and forgiving,
Then what were the gain of the journey vain
Through the barren land of the living?

TWO STREAMS

TWO rivers, rising in the spring
 Of every human life do flow,
Their waters peace and suffering,
 For one is joy, and one is woe.

The stream of joy, beneath the sun,
 Reflects his dancing beams with glee,
While careless currents rippling run
 To laugh their life into the sea.

The other stream, dark, drear and deep,
 Is shrouded in the mists of woe,
While o'er its banks, dread shades, that keep
 A mournful vigil, come and go.

Howe'er we may bewail the one,
 Its course is in divine control;
For human good both rivers run—
 They make the true, enduring soul.

LOVE SONG

PEACE rests upon the lap of spring,
And Nature's gentle blossoming
Makes gay the gladsome bower that keeps
My lady, as she sleeps.

Joy decorates her features fair;
Balm floats in breezes through the air
And all the wealth of Paradise
About her being lies.

Love lives within the rosebud bloom
Upon her cheek; its sweet perfume
Comes in the all-unconscious sigh
Escaping silently.

Heaven waits for me within the heart,
That beats beneath the outer part.
Bless with thy bounty, Love Divine,
The treasure that is mine.

MAY MUSINGS

BRIGHT the sunlight sheds afar
A wealth of brilliancy;
Does it kiss the cheeks where the roses are,
The cheeks of my love, for me?

Soft the balmy zephyrs blow
Through every budding tree;
Do they breathe a message, sweet and low,
From the lips of my love, to me?

Buoyant seems the new-born spring
With ceaseless harmony;
Does it bring more close, by its heightening,
The heart of my love to me?

A GLANCE

A PAIR of eyes I saw but once
Are looking into mine,
And in their play
The laughter gay
And tender grace together shine
As when I saw them beaming there.

Come, Cupid, tell your captive where
Their owner dwells today,
That I may thither stray
And drink again the dazzling wine
That sparkles with a wealth divine
Within two eyes I saw but once!

MY WISH

MAY the voice
 Of that sweet angel, Patience, whisper
 in my ear,
And guide me on with words of comfort and
 of cheer;
Drive from my mind all thought of doubt
 and fear;
This is my choice.

May high endeavor
 Direct my course of life until the end;
 Be my companion and my steadfast friend
 Until the life beyond with this doth blend,
To last forever.

May the light
 Of that far-shining lamp, Success,
 With guiding beams my humble pathway
 bless,
Enabling me sometime in future to possess
Its flame so bright.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

THE glow of unforgotten faces,
The lure of mem'ried ways,
Hallow the old, old places,
Endear the old, old days.

Yet wider boundaries of endeavor
Come with the rising years,
And larger hopes, forever,
Are nurtured by our tears.

The star of strong deed is ascendant;
The joy that faith imparts
Makes each new hour, resplendent,
A summons to glad hearts.

PATRICK A. COLLINS

A HUNDRED bells are tolling
A requiem for the dead;
A thousand flags, half-masted,
Are drooping overhead;
A million hearts are mourning
As parting prayers are said.

A city, great and splendid,
Bows 'neath a weight of grief;
The marts of trade are silent,
Closed by a common lief,
While near and dear are kneeling
Beside the fallen chief.

The eulogies are spoken,
But, ah! no words can tell
The fullness of the tribute
His noble traits compel;
No monument need mark him,
His work was done so well!

GEORGE SEWALL BOUTWELL

CALLED to the helm of state in that far
day

When Webster e'en yet in the forum stood,
His name for half a century had sway
As synonym for civic rectitude.

Faithful and brave, the years advancing wrote
Him fullest meed of honor and of fame;
The mantle proud of Sumner and of Choate
He wore, unflecked, as larger duties came.

A pilot safe, when rock and reef beset
The ship, storm-tossed, of national finance;
True friend of liberty, his sun has set
But long shall glow his mem'ry's radiance.

GEORGE T. ANGELL

WELL may the horse's head be bowed;
Well may all dumb beasts mourn,
As to the tomb, 'neath flower and shroud,
Thy precious form is borne,
Oh, great friend of the weaker kind,
Who upheld mercy's shield!
Men's hearts, by thy sweet life refined,
Their tearful tributes yield,
For tender word and soft caress,
Through thy humane appeal,
Rule now where once, with cruel stress,
Men plied the whip and steel.

WASHINGTON

LIKE some far beacon whose unfailing
flame,
As shadows deepen, shines the more sub-
lime,
So gleams the strong, pure lustre of that name
Against the money-baseness of our time!

JEFFERSON

MAJESTIC in the grandeur of his thought,
A seer who faced the future with no
fears,
A people's battles in his prime he fought,
And bore their honors richly in his years—
Champion of right, forevermore to be
The arch apostle of democracy!

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

SHE spied me like a long-lost friend;
I'd ne'er seen her before;
My misery you'll comprehend
Before this tale is o'er.

'Twas on a street car; to the seat
Right next to me she flew,
Exclaiming in glad tones and sweet,
“Can this be really you?”

My first misstep was taken here,
For after awkward pause
In brief reply I made the mere
Admission that it was.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

“You’re such a stranger,” chirruped she,
“Pray tell me, what’s the news?”
I managed skilfully on the
Fine weather to enthuse.

And while in mental stress I sought
For exit an excuse,
She asked me if I really thought
Miss Blake would marry Luce.

By desperation rendered bold
I promptly answered yes,
That I had secretly been told
She’d bought her wedding dress.

She’d heard so. Good! But Lord what next?
“Oh, how’s your cousin Nell?”
Clear sailing here. I said, unvexed,
“She never was so well!”

Ah, what a shock unheralded
The one wrong word may give!
“Why, what a change! The doctor said
Last night she couldn’t live.”

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Here, happily, my luck came back;
The ordeal was o'er;
Just then the car ran off the track
And shot me through the door.

THE COLLEGE CLOCK

THE merriest potentate am I
That ever turned a hand:
I make the moments hasten by
With absolute command.
I emulate no heavenly sun
Nor earthly satellite;
My wheels their sportful races run
As fancy may invite.

What care I for the needs of men?
My subjects are the hours.
I grant them respite now and then
From their eternal tours.
They own the right to exercise
The veriest of ease,
For I maintain that profit lies
In going as you please.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Sometimes for sport I throw my hands
About, as in distress.

'Tis fun to hear my human friends
Solicitude express.

And then I work the college bell,
And call the people out;

Sometimes they realize the sell
And swear a bit, no doubt.

But, safe enthroned above them all,
I thrive with Father Time;
He serves my bidding and my call
With gracefulness sublime.

The years will hasten quickly by,
But e'er my rule shall stand;
The merriest potentate am I
That ever turned a hand!

DARTMOUTH

“ ’TIS small, but there are those who love
it,”

Webster pleaded long ago,
When the skies were dark above it
And the storm was bending low.

Now ’tis great and thousands render
Tender tribute to its name;
Now its cause needs no defender,
Yet its mission is the same.

True to its ideals keeping,
Sure and pure its purpose runs,
Strong as its own spirit, leaping
In the pulses of its sons.

Bearing high the torch of learning
Northland’s granite hills above,
Dartmouth’s bread is e’er returning
Tenfold in a people’s love!

SPHINX

(Senior society initiation banquet, Dartmouth
1893)

THE weariless wings of another year
Have borne us to its crowning feast;
So let us hold communion here
Until the glowing East
Shall tell us that the twinkling stars their
lenient watch have ceased.

The breath of June is in the air
And the joyful world in its festival
Bids us be free from fret and care,
And worship, one and all,
At the throne where fellowship is king, and
genial arts enthral.

So let the loving cup be filled
And the heart's own sacred song arise,
For still we walk, as the gods have willed,
Beneath unclouded skies,
Beholding still the boundless world, with all
its rhapsodies.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

And hail, oh loyal band who now
 Have worshipped at the Mystic Shrine,
All brothers by a sacred vow—
 The future will be thine,
And may it be as rich as gold, as sweet as
 Samian wine.

May fortune bless your onward way
 With favors that she best bestows
On loyalty that lasts for aye,
 And faithfulness that knows
The majesty of manhood, and the debt that
 honor owes.

Our brothers of departed years,
 In spirit with us as we celebrate—
Dispelling doubts, dismissing fears—
 Greet and congratulate
The comrades who now pledge to keep their
 trust inviolate.

Our task is done. To them we leave
 Our heritage of fellowship.
About their hearts will friendship weave
 A network that will keep
Their lives in harmony, refreshed by joys that
 never sleep.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

So let us fill the cup again,
And every brother, as he drinks,
Will bless once more the magic chain
Whose adamantine links
Have bound him with the mystic band, the
children of the Sphinx!

NEVER MEET TROUBLE HALF WAY

NEVER meet trouble half way,
Let it seek you out, if it must,
But your heart open wide, and bid joy come
inside,
And dwell in abiding trust.

Never meet trouble half way,
All too soon will the shadows fall;
See the bloom, not the blight; not the gloom,
but the light
That is shining over all.

HALYCON

BRIGHT beam the stars of the summer
night,

Clearer than diamonds ever shone,
But deeper is the laughing light
Of thy blue eyes, my Halcyon.

Pink are the parts of the summer rose,
Pure as the magic tints of dawn,
But a softer color comes and goes
Across thy cheek, my Halcyon.

Sweet is the breath of the summer sky,
As it kisses the green earth and is gone,
But sweeter is thine, surpassingly,
And softer it comes, my Halcyon.

Dear are the mem'ries of summer days,
Yet in my heart there lives but one;
Bright, through the ever-gathering haze,
Shall shine thy face, my Halcyon!

UNDERNEATH THE HARBOR

OLD BOSTON sets the pace for all
In tricks of rapid transit;
Years back her subway had the call
E'er other towns would chance it;
And then to make ten minutes five
They built the "L";
Now, sakes alive, it's take a dive
Down,
Down
Beneath the harbor.

Just make the plunge the tunnel through—
It is a quick transition;
You're up and out in a "jiff" or two,
No time for intermission.
A shuttle shot in a deep, smooth bore
The car glides on,
And lo, you're o'er to the other shore
From
Down
Beneath the harbor.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Care not what's going on o'erhead—
 How many ships are dancing
Above you as you're onward sped
 On trolley trip entrancing;
The water's deep, but you won't get drowned
 You may be sure,
For it's a sound hole in the ground,
 Down,
 Down
 Beneath the harbor.

LOVE IS ALL

THERE was gleam of gold,
And raiment to allure, and rank and
title old,
And sorrow and a sigh,
As Love passed by.

There was humble fare,
And treasure scant, and name of worldly
glamor bare.
And peace with Heaven kin,
As Love came in.

FRUIT SALAD FOR TWO

HE THOUGHT himself the choicest *plum*
that grew upon the tree;
A *date* he had one evening with a *peach* from
Chicopee;
They were a charming *pear* indeed, as, strolling
by the sea,
He vowed the *apple* of his eye she evermore
should be.

But sad his fate—most downcast youth in all
the world was he,
When to the realms of *orange* blooms he urged
that they should flee;
The *lemon* that she handed him would sour a
Russian tea—
“You’re full of *prunes*, young man,” she cried,
“you *cantaloupe* with me.”

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

HATS OFF TO BABY BROWN

YOU may talk about babies that win at the
fairs,
Or infants of princely renown;
But show me the kid if you can that compares
With little John Nicholas Brown.

A nurse at his elbow, at ten thousand per,
Keeps watch for his fret or his frown;
A valet, imported, stands by to defer
To the whim of John Nicholas Brown.

Ten millions piled high in the bank in his name
Can buy him the whole of the town—
Yet he gets along nicely on milk, does this same
Delightful John Nicholas Brown.

An army of hirelings are ever on call
To pose as the puppet and clown—
Yet when he would play he's content with his
doll,
Is joyful John Nicholas Brown.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

When they put him to bed he deliciously lies
In a heaven of silk and of down—
Yet when he gets hurt it's a fact that he cries,
Does doleful John Nicholas Brown.

You may talk about babies to wisdom inclined,
Or infants of princely renown,
But hunt the world over and where can you
find
The like of John Nicholas Brown?

A MANY-HUED TALE

YOUNG Mister Thomas Black was wed to
Miss Albina White,
And Nancy Greene became the bride of
handsome William Gray.

It happened, too, that our old friend the dash-
ing David Knight
Did woo and to the altar lead demure Diana
Day.

Not to be beat, Augustus Brown sweet Pauline
Pearl did choose,
And all set up housekeeping in a tenement of
red.

They didn't fight, 'tis strange to say, and never
had the blues—
The rainbow of domestic peace was always
overhead.

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE

IT IS my lot to be in love with two who are
most fair;
I don't believe that you can find their equals
anywhere.
They are the queens of womankind, so beauti-
ful to see—
When I'm alone with either one I'd humbly bow
the knee;
And yet they are no more alike than sunrise
and sunset,
For one's a large blonde lady, one a small
brunette.

When I gaze fondly in the face of her whose
eyes are blue
I dream of April violets that sparkle with the
dew.
Her golden hair in tresses fine like sunlight
seems to me,

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

And when she smiles my soul is thrilled with
boundless ecstasy.

'Tis then that I am most impelled for her my
cap to set—

Give me the large blonde lady, not the small
brunette.

But when I come beneath the spell of her of
raven hair

No other beauty, I'll be bound, can with her
own compare;

'Tis like the glory of the night, and as from
summer skies,

I bask in star-like radiance—the magic of
her eyes.

She charms me with her witching smile; I'm
caught fast in her net—

Not for me the blonde lady; mine, the small
brunette.

And thus my heart, a pendulum, swings back
and forth, in vain;

Were there a happy medium the way of love
were plain.

But golden hair and tresses dark upon one head
can't grow

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

And she with one eye black, one blue, would
be absurd, I know.
It's best for me, I plainly see, to try hard to
forget
Even the large blonde lady, and the small
brunette.

BENEATH HER PARASOL

A H, COQUETTISHLY she glances
From beneath her parasol;
Message vague my heart entrances
As coquettishly she glances—
 Sparkle of black eyes, that's all,
But she stirs my fairest fancies
When coquettishly she glances
 From beneath her parasol!

WHICH?

FAIREST maiden of the waltz,
Are you true, or are you false?

Are your ebon eyes, so bright,
But a counterfeit delight?

Doth the rose-bloom, to your cheek
Rise when other voices speak?

Flutters e'en your heart of hearts
With other bliss than mine imparts?

Will our lives forever seem
Like the music's joyous dream?

Fairest maiden of the waltz
Are you true, or are you false?

WAR SONG

THERE'S a song of hallelujah in the stirring bugle call,

There's a pæan in the cannon's mighty roar;
There's a glory in the flash, in the fire and in
the crash

Of the battle as it breaks on Cuba's shore.

For the fight is for the right,

And the banner of the free

Leads a nation's men of might

In the cause of liberty.

There's a day of triumph coming, and its
splendid dawn shall break

On a land that long has been the tyrant's
prey;

Then our country will be blest by a people sore
oppressed,

And the glory of our arms shall last for aye.

For the fight is for the right,

And the banner of the free

Leads a nation's men of might

In the cause of liberty.

ST. VALENTINE

A TOAST to the name of Valentine,
Beloved Saint of Hearts!
While cheeks shall glow and soft eyes shine,
And Cupid holds his arts,
This day each year we'll sing the cheer
His memory imparts.

And here's to the magic name of her
Each worships as the best;
Whose matchless charms the pulses stir—
Who blesses and is blest!
And here's a toast to all the host
Who love, and have confessed!

DESPAIR NOT

THY brother's talents may be far
More generous than thine,
And fortune, from a golden star,
Upon his path may shine;
But gifts unused for human weal
Are profitless and vain,
While thou, with naught but faith and zeal,
A laurel crown may gain.

SUNSET

THE tints of purple and of pearl combine
With amber and with amethyst,
While golden traces softly interline
A picture by Heaven's roses kissed,—
With glint and gleam of wonderland bedight.
Blent by a touch that is divine,
Its glories carry to enraptured height,
On radiant wing, thy soul and mine.
Ah, holy thrill of even's ebbing light
As morrow's promises, benignant, shine
In God's sweet smile—the world's Goodnight!

“THE BOYS”

WHEN the din of war had ended, and the
smoke had rolled away,
And the Union’s soul was yearning for a larger,
brighter day,
A million men strong-hearted in the work of
Peace were they—
“The Boys” in Sixty-Six!

The hour of sacred memories returns; a pa-
geant strong,
Bone and sinew of the Nation, in the May-
time moves along,
While a People proudly honors, with the meed
of cheer and song,
“The Boys” in Seventy-Six!

Now again the flags are flying for the veterans’
review;
Judge and merchant, sage and toiler, comrades
in the line of blue,
Placing wreathes for their dead brothers on the
green graves, old and new
“The Boys” in Eighty-Six!

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Gray of head and slow of footstep, stooping
'neath the length of days,
Yet they march with hearts of heroes, o'er the
old familiar ways,
As a new-grown generation gratefully its token
pays
“The Boys” in Ninety-Six!

List once more the martial music, as the grand
“old guard” appears—
But ah! the thinned and bended legions—ah,
the pathos of the years,
As we render them our tribute in the tenderness
of tears—
“The Boys” in Nineteen-Six!

THE CALL OF THE HERE-AND-NOW

ONE turned his face from the dawn away
And dwelt in the Long Ago;
He knew none blest in the living day,
He saw none gain nor grow;
Earth's good things all had gone before,
And naught should profit more.

One sang the songs of the By-and-By,
Wondrous in gifts to Man;
He dreamed of bounties reaching high
In a kind Creator's plan;
And all that was good would come unsought,
With never a battle fought.

But one with patience set his brow
And heart to the task at hand;
Heeding the call of the Here-and-Now,
He toiled to the World's demand;
The prayer of the Long-Ago made he
The pledge of the Yet-to-Be.

ORCHID AND WILD ROSE

A N ORCHID and a wild rose met,
(Just where I may not tell)—
The one a pampered, hot-house pet,
The other from the dell.
The orchid blushed that she should greet
Such lowly company,
She who “stood high” with the élite
Of proud society.
“Oh, what a country maid you are,
But I suppose,” she said,
“The rustics seek you near and far
Because your cheeks are red.
Poor thing, if you could only know
The pleasures that are mine,
The lavishness that men bestow
My colors to refine,

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

The eagerness with which I'm sought
For every swell soirée,
The romances that I have wrought
In circles grand and gay,
The joys of music and of wine
As languidly I rest,
In satins and in laces fine,
Upon milady's breast!"

Thus spake the orchid haughtily
Unto the rose, whose red
Had deepened 'neath the sting, till she
Looked bravely up and said:

"I know I'm not so grand as you,
But mine's a happy life
Where birds are free and heavens are blue,
Far from the city's strife.
I am not sought by men for gold
To grace Dame Fashion's feast,
But I have joys to you untold—
The sunrise in the east,
The laughter of the mountain rills
And children at their play,
The beauty of the purple hills
As dusk succeeds the day;

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

And, though I bloom on humble sod
 And frugal is my fare,
Unto my cheeks the kiss of God
 The evening breezes bear!"

AS WINTER WINDS ARE BLOWING

THOUGH cold winds blow
And bleak the night,
My hearth's aglow,
My heart is light—

For home is cheer
'Neath love's sweet sway
Though earth be drear,
And skies be gray.

But, oh, for those
Who hapless roam;
Whom love ne'er knows—
Who have no home.

KINDNESS

NO KINDLY act's too small to be worth
while;
Oft has the dross of gloom and fear
Been turned to gold of faith and cheer
By the blest alchemy of a smile.

“OLD IRONSIDES”

UPON her decks the ringing shout
Of victory was raised,
And glory's messengers spake out
As her ten-pounders blazed.

The halo of an endless fame
Has crowned her colors fair
Since patriot hearts, in battle flame,
Conquered the Guerrière

Sons of proud sires, do you not hear
This brazen threat to wrest
The jewel that is held most dear
From old New England's breast?

If days of mem'ried shrines are past,
Then yield the vandal's will—
Put Plymouth Rock unto the blast
And tear down Bunker Hill!

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER TO SANTA
CLaus

UPON the church steps, kneeling low,
A tiny girl, sad-faced, alone,
Was mumbling as in prayer; the snow
Was falling, and the winds, amoan,
Proclaimed a drear December night.
Men, homeward bound, their day's work
done
Stopped there, transfixed, so strange the sight,
And listened to the little one.

"I pray, good Santa Claus, that you
Won't quite forget my mamma dear;
She cries a lot, and feels so blue
'Cause things ain't like they was last year.

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

You see, my poor papa is dead
And she works, oh, so hard for me
And Baby Jack, and goes to bed
Nights just as tired as she can be.

“And when I asked if Santa Claus
Was goin’ to come on Christmas Eve
She said she didn’t think so, ’cause
He never had good things to leave
With folks that’s poor; then mamma cried;
And that is why I’ve come up here
To ask if you won’t lay aside
A gift or two for mamma dear.”

Who says that Santa did not hear
The tender plea of that sweet child,
And follow in her footsteps, near,
Till she was safely domiciled?
Who says that prayers to old Saint Nick
Are prayers that are sent up in vain?
Nay, good old Santa is a brick—
Long may his rotund form remain!

’Tis Christmas; a wan woman weeps
Not tears of sadness, but of joy,
For at her door are piled in heaps
Good things for mother, girl and boy;

STRAY NOTES OF SONG

Food and clothing in fine array;
Dolls, and cars on a railroad track;
Books and blocks; and happy are they—
Mamma and Girlie and Baby Jack.

GOOD NIGHT

GOOD NIGHT; the shades are falling;
The sun slips from the West;
The kindly stars are calling
The weary world to rest.

Good night; and may thy slumbers
Sweet and refreshing be,
In His blest care who numbers
The mist-drops of the sea.

Good night; and be thy waking
Unto a day made fair,
To some heart that is aching,
By token of thy care.

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